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LINES WRITTEN BY THE HON. MRS.
O'NEILL, ON SEEING HER SONS AT
PLAY.*

SWEET age of blest delusion! blooming
boys,
Ah revel long in childhood's thoughtless
joys!
With light and pliant spirits that can stoop,
To follow sportively the rolling hoop,
To watch the spinning top with gay
delight,
Or mark with raptur'd gaze the sailing
kite;
Or eagerly pursuing pleasure's call,
Can find it centred in the bounding ball.
Alas! the day will come when sports like
these,
Must lose their magic and their power to
please;
The swiftly fled, the rosy hours of youth
Shall yield their fairy forms to mournful
truth;
Even now a Mother's fond prophetic fear,
Views the dark train of human ills appear,
Sees various fortunes for each lovely child,
Storms for the bold, and anguish for the
mild;
And dreads each suffering those dear breasts
may know,
In their long passage thro' a world of woe;
Perchance predestin'd every pang to
prove,
That treacherous friends inflict, or faithless
love.
For ah! how few have found existence
sweet,
Where grief is sure, but happiness deceit.

SELECTED POETRY.

ON RICHES.

WHAT man in his wits had not rather
be poor,
Than for lucre his freedom to give?

* According to the suggestion of our correspondent A. P. we have succeeded in procuring this effusion of parental feeling from the pen of this accomplished lady. We hope shortly to present to our readers, more of her productions. We shall thank any of our correspondents to assist us. It is uncertain whether this article ever before appeared in print.

Ever busy the means of his life to secure,
And so ever neglecting to live.

Environ'd from morning to night in a
crowd,
Not a moment unbent and alone,
Constrained to be abject, tho' ever so proud
And at every one's call but his own.

Still repining and longing for quiet each
hour,
Yet studiously flying it still,
With the means of enjoying his wish in his
pow'r,
But accurst with his wanting the will.

For a year must be past, or a day must
be come,
Before he has leisure to rest,
He must add to his store this or that pret-
ty sum,
And then will have time to be blest.

But his gains more bewitching, the more
they increase,
Only swell the desire of his eye:
Such a wretch let mine enemy live if he
please,
Let not even mine enemy die!

DUTCH REVENGE,
OR THE ANTI-CLIMAX.

TO SOPHIA.

AND ~~was~~ that kiss a parting kiss?
And was ~~that~~ sigh a parting sigh?
And shall my wo-devoted head
No more on that soft bosom lie?

Shall we no more, with arms entwin'd,
Stray fondly over hill and dale:
Nor tread again the green-wood path,
Nor taste the moonlight in the vale?

No more! For ever then farewell!
A victim of disgrace and sorrow—
The Teivel take me bot I will
Cut bodth mine whiskers off to-morrow

THE BARON DE GERAMBE.

Seven Tavern, near St. Martins-
Lane, August 29th.